THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume II | New York, Wednesday, July 29, 1925 | Number 12

CONTENTS

Rewards and Fairies 277
Week by Week 279
Ourselves and China 281
The Taungs Skull 282
Tennessee—State of Brave Men .....Forrest Davis 283
Sunday in Dayton .....Michael Williams 285
What Dayton Thinks .....Frank R. Kent 288
Scars (*verse*) .....Anne Blackwell Payne 289
The Holy Rollers.....Lindsay Dennison 290
Poems of Chile..translated by Thomas Walsh 291
Books .....William Franklin Sands, Mary Barbara Kolars, Jules Bois, James J. Walsh, L. D. Howland 292
The Quiet Corner 295

REWARDS AND FAIRIES

MR. ERNEST BOYD, than whom no critic today in America, not excepting even iconoclastic Mr. Mencken, is more expert in shooting peas at accepted literary monuments and corking moustachios on accepted literary portraits, has lately been giving the native-born American the benefit of a sophisticated viewpoint on many hitherto honored names. Among his counsels to the readers of Harper's, not the least surprising, as it happens to be the most recent, is to get their reading of Dickens done before maturity has impinged, bringing with it the troublesome fruits of its observation. The risk of leaving it till later (Mr. Boyd is very definite on this point) will be to find a palate which has acquired a taste for anchovies and Roquefort cloyed with a flavorless compact of cream and puff pastry.

This raid upon the most established of Victorian reputations has excited the comment, full rather of heat than of light, which it was perhaps designed to call forth. The controversy has even been carried into the columns of the New York Times without anything very illuminating resulting therefrom. This is hardly matter for surprise. The view of Dickens with which Mr. Boyd presents us is rather ancient news and his present foray merely an incident in the guerilla warfare which ingenuity is always waging with ingenuousness. Those who care for such things may find a contemporaneous statement of it in the Brookfield correspondence. The British Hugo has always acted as an irritant on a certain type of superior person. His obliquity to social and cultural distinctions disturbs the snob: the resolute aversion of his face from certain drab aspects of life (though Mr. Boyd, it will be remembered, once found the Sykes-Nancy episode "suggestive") disappoints the salacious: the rectilinear workings of his providence is the scoff of the cynic, and the occasional soar of this self-taught master of English into such sublimities of prose as the storm in David Copperfield, or the duel outside the ruined manor house in Barnaby Rudge, causes dismay and heart-burning to those who know so much more and can do so much less. To the critic who moves familiarly among the uninhibited literature of the European continent, there is a crowning indignity. "Un peu de Copperfield" has been adjudged, by the circumspect in such matters, part of a balanced ration for juvenile reading in France.

To argue, however, that because Dickens can be safely placed in the hands of youth, it is the youth of our own day who are most likely to appreciate him, is to take a long step on unsafe ground. The curiosity so characteristic of the early period of life is not one that concerns itself over-much with the past, or brings to its reading that "extensive and peculiar" knowledge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of old days and ways without which a good deal of Dickens is unintelligible. The youthful mind is too busied with conjecture as to the world around it—too eager for light upon its own personal problems to take much pleasure in a world presented in perspective. Rhetoric frankly bores it, and Dickens is nothing if not a rhetorician—it has little patience with digressions and discursions, and it is keenly sensitive to the social distinctions which the master made a point of ignoring. The humor, of course, remains, but though generalizations are dangerous, there is plenty of evidence, if one goes looking for it, that the typical youthful intellect of today is a positive and unsmiling affair, in full reaction from the Victorian practice of sealing the malignant cells of life with a protective tissue of silence. It is not what he finds in Dickens so much as what he fails to find, that is likely to impair the great writer's popularity with the youthful intellectual, for whom, and by whom, poems are built in exquisite cloisonné, and human documents written in which the moral is reversed.

Part of the price we pay for the deadly seriousness with which life is taken by our teachers, and for the necessity we see of entering it with all the impetus of preparation behind us, is an impatience with the fairy story as waste of time. An instructive instance of how educators feel about it is given by Loretta Ellen Brady, a librarian of some experience, in the current number of G. K.'s Weekly. Asked to assist in compiling a catalogue for the American Library in Paris, she found her entire list of fairy stories for children blue-penciled. "In America," she was told, "the mothers will not buy fairy stories, because the teachers do not approve of them." Dickens, it may as well be admitted, is so far from realism, his assumptions are so extravagant, and the working of his code of rewards and punishments so arbitrary, that perhaps critics are more serious than they seem when they assign his writings a place within the confines of fable. Has not an enquiry even been opened into the means of support of Mr. Pickwick and the Cheeryble brothers? And has not the conclusion been reached that they must have been counterfeiters? There is nothing inherent in the Dickens psychology—too many of his characters are either the hostages of their eccentricities or the embodiment of their virtues. The man was not the eternal ingénu he is sometimes represented. Those who think so might read with advantage the précis of a conversation between him and Emerson, recorded in the journals of the sage of Concord. He knew, as well as the next man, the part that fraud and lust and violence play in the world. But, every serious writer faced with the ugly and vicious facts of life, must choose his gesture. Dickens chose that his should be one of hostility, as so many moderns, perhaps from force of reaction, make it one of complicity. His belief that Jack's was the sword destined to smite off the giant's head, that for every Goliath there was a David mending his sling, and that wherever an Andromeda languished in chains a Perseus was already on his way, survived the observations of a pretty long and well-filled career. The worst that can be said for such a theory of life is that it is unreliable. It is far too deeply rooted in human nature to be called unsound.

Whence comes the distaste, varying from mere neglect to actual hostility, that one finds among certain readers and critics when Dickens's quality is assessed? Partly, one suspects from social-consciousness, uneasy under his wilful obliterations where rank and status were in question. None had a better right than Charles Dickens to know that the roots of the middle-class are in the common people, and that its emergence is mostly a matter of environment and opportunity. The fascistically inclined will get small support for their theories from the creator of Trotty Veck and Gradgrind. At the other end of the scale are the "heavy thinkers" to whom his breezy radicalism is an offense, and the arbiters of literary taste, "fastidious and unhappy souls" in Chesterton's words, "who cannot read his books without a continuous critical exasperation." From the first comes the absurd charge, so often reiterated, that "Dickens cannot draw a gentleman:" from the last, such amazing misdirections as calling what is the very bread of literary life pastry and cream. The tone of some of the comment of Dickens's out-of-dateness is rather a strain on temper and manners. One is tempted to borrow a retort from the lips of the elder Weller, whose wisdom, one recalls, was in proportion to his width. "If I don't get no better light than that 'ere moonshine of yours, my worthy creetur, I shall continny to be a night-coach till I'm took off the road."

Who will hand on the Dickens cult to a generation less under the iron heel of reality? Somehow one fancies that it will not be the young at all, but men and women, old or ageing, who have either achieved or grown resigned. A time comes towards the end of the average life, which, if it be normal at all, is a graph of rises and falls, a checkerboard of sun and shadow, when the personal application of what is read ceases to matter; and when literature and life, from being equidistant from the ideal, grow to be equal to one another. Such a life will have seen the dying end of too many a swaggering sin to feel outraged because Dickens chose to make retribution inevitable—having seen virtue at least occasionally justified by results, it will be less inclined to resent his pleasant fashion of assuring its triumph in advance. Such readers may push through the crowd that swarms round the gallows with stout old Gabriel Varden as he waves his reprieve above his head, or stand by in the Yarmouth fishing hut when the drowned body of the seducer is laid upon its bed, or cling to the dashboard of the run-away dog-cart, cheering wildly as Nicholas lays open the wicked baronet's face from eye to lip. The fairies never seem so real as when the rewards are in sight.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

HENRY JONES FORD JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES HENRY LONGAN STUART
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE T. LAWRASON RIGGS
R. DANA SKINNER

Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

AS THESE lines are being printed, French and Belgian troops are on the march out of the Ruhr, and the most thorny and unfortunate chapter in the international tangle bequeathed by the Versailles settlement may be considered as at an end. From many aspects the Ruhr occupation was an ill-advised and unprofitable adventure. Francesco Nitti in his voluminous work, They Make a Desert, has put the case against France with what seems unnecessary violence. The gravest of his charges concern themselves with the Disarmament Commission, which he accuses of acting violently and unintelligently to the extent of removing necessary portions of factory equipment, of wholesale expropriation to find quarters for French troops and officials, of requisitions far in excess of requirements, and even of the plundering of trade processes to the benefit of competitors in France. It is not necessary to credit more than a small proportion of these accusations to realize that the situation was an intolerable one, fraught with perils of every kind and is well out of the way. Occupation of territory by alien troops always bristles with difficulties of its own. These are increased tenfold when, as in the case of the Ruhr, the district is one congested as to population and a nerve-centre of industrial life.

THE list compiled by the Statistics Branch of the War Department of the United States of sums which the world was spending last year in preparation for eventual war, comes as something of an eye-opener. The mere fact that only about a million dollars short of $2,550,000,000, was expended upon battleships, airplanes, armaments and upkeep of land forces in this sixth year of peace, speaks loudly enough. An analysis of the figures by nations is calculated to make us open our eyes still wider. We are so used to having France presented to us as the bad boy of the European concert, so sated with assurances that, would she but moderate her ambitions and still her apprehensions, the equilibrium of the world would return to normal in much shorter order, that it is chastening to find her third, and a very poor third, on the list of delinquents, with only $220,493,601 to her credit or discredit, as against $555,372,018 for this country, and no less than $652,696,789 for Great Britain.

THE comparison is still more striking if the budgets for Canada, Australia, and India, which are given separately, were left out when totaling Britain's budget. They account for $211,000,000 more, and there is every indication that they were so treated. It is true that every nation has always insisted upon the right to be the judge of its own military needs. This is too much a question of life or death for even creditor nations to meddle with otherwise than by benevolent counsel. It is also true that no possible number of blacks will ever make one white. Nevertheless, at any future disarmament conference which threatens to turn into a concerto of pots and kettles reproaching one another for mutual degrees of dinginess, it will be well to bear in mind the figures which the enterprise and frankness of our War Department have just issued for public enlightenment.

THE "United Church of Canada," allusion to whose inauguration was made recently in these columns, appears to take a lofty view of its future activities and responsibilities. Its numbers, according to an article in its principal mouthpiece, are estimated to amount to 2,000,000—very far below the Catholic population of the Dominion, and possibly about equal in number to the Anglicans, the Baptists, and the Presbyterian bodies which have remained outside the movement, if taken together. Its following and material assets are considerable, the same article informs us, and it "starts its career with a wonderful opportunity for molding the character of this country and influencing the trend of developments in China, Japan, India, and Korea." We are reminded by the same organ that "if wealth and numbers were matters for pride amongst Christians, the members of the United Church should hold high their heads."

COMMENTING upon these statements, Saturday Night, the leading Canadian weekly, a journal always strictly fair to Catholics though in no way connected with them, has this to say—"The new organization begins with a generous endowment of everything, except perhaps the Christian virtue of humility." It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continues—"The thought occurs to us that if the Catholic Record or any other journalistic spokesman for the 3,500,000 Roman Catholics in Canada were to announce a program aimed at molding the character of the country as a whole, there would be a clamorous outcry that the liberties of the nation were at stake." It would be difficult, one fancies, to put the inherent flaw that lies at the bottom of this whole latter-day attempt to impose a state Protestant religion on Canada and the American continent generally, directly or by indirection, in more moderate yet more pertinent fashion.

FOR the sixteenth time in history, mankind is observing the centenary of the Nicene Creed. Recited at all the festive Masses of Christendom, while innumerable knees bend in reverence for the divine manhood which was given us through the service of Mary, this creed is a never-aging, triumphant declaration of those beliefs which are basic to the timeless Church. Its history also, though not entirely definite, is inspiring because it summons up for review Athanasius and Arius, the saint and the brilliant creator of heresy, with the host of ecclesiastical and mundane princes who gathered at Nicaea for the great debate. What was to be taught concerning the Savior's divinity? The answer to this question is still the axis on which the world turns. That it should have been given so resolutely in a form so worthy of its sublime content, is a reason for thanksgiving and rejoicing. We all repeat, in substance, these words of the brilliant German scholar, Dr. Engelbert Krebs—"Arianism, which was once so powerful, is long since dead, and other more modern forms of the denial of the true divinity of Christ have replaced it. But none of these is able to instil into its adherents a communal religious conviction . . . Either a man professes his faith in the eternal omnipotence of Christ and so lives, consciously or unconsciously, in the blessed shadow of the teaching Catholic Church—or he denies the legitimacy of the Nicene Creed and forms a purely nominal church which in reality carries the germ of religious destruction and dissolution within itself."

WITH the recent death of Arthur Christopher Benson, the famous literary family of the former Archbishop of Canterbury calls once more for recognition and appraisal. All three of them have been typically English, though not without a dash of cosmopolitanism that helped their popularity. Monsignor Benson, perhaps, was the best and bravest of the brothers. If he shared their preoccupation with what has been termed the "well cushioned" classes, it was to throw from the vantage-ground of his perfect familiarity, a peculiarly baleful light upon them. He had a vitriolic pen when treating of what Charlotte Brontë called "the dark side of respectability." It was probably his interest in getting at the bottom of whatever confronted him that made him finally a Catholic, a missionary, and a rather subtle novelist. In his case one feels that nothing less than conversion could have dislodged him from the upholstered groove in which life had placed him. His mind was cast in classic mold. It abhorred the oscillations which make for revolution quite as much as they make for life. Modern Englishmen of the Benson type are a kind of aqueduct down which there trickles to us of a rawer world the meaning of Oxford spires, old poets bound in calf, and the rhythmic diction of King James's version. Monsignor Hugh was a puzzle to many of his fellow countrymen, but a world which is rapidly arriving at a pass where it finds almost any form of motion easier to understand than inertia, will one day look back with still greater perplexity upon the perfect immobility of Arthur Christopher.

WITH Sister Mary Ignatius Grant, the senior member of the community of the Sisters of Mercy, who died recently at the age of ninety-one after a life of sixty-nine years in religion, passes the last survivor of the heroic band of nuns who went from the old convent of their order in Houston Street, New York, during the dark days of the Civil War to devote themselves to the care of sick and wounded on both sides in the prisons and hospitals of the South. The figure of the nursing sister, the "angel of the battlefield," is one that has held the imagination of many writers, religious and irreligious as well. It is all the more to the credit of these noble women if it has become a rather stereotyped one. The challenge of pain and sickness does not alter greatly through the centuries—neither does the manner in which it is answered by souls who have dedicated themselves to its service. The sister of charity and mercy, of all orders, remains today as the great founder, Saint Vincent de Paul, depicted her in his rule—her vow, her charity—her cloister, her veil—her chapel, the parish church. In the case of Sister Mary Ignatius and her companions, however, there is a consideration rather special to Americans. For hundreds of the sick and wounded lads they nursed, this devoted band was probably a first contact with Catholicism—for many it may have been the last. It is interesting to speculate in how many a lonely mountain cabin and roaring mining camp their memory lingered, for years after the war, to draw the fangs of bigotry and strike the foul word from the lips of the blasphemer.

IT is quite customary to honor a man's work after his death—few have the joy of seeing, while yet alive, the concrete appreciation of their services. This has been the happy lot of Brother André, of the College of Notre Dame, at Côtes des Neiges, Montreal, Canada. His is a story of simple faith, and saint-like fervor, so great that the one-time door-keeper of the college has now become one of the leading figures of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the institution. Left an orphan at an early age, without background, education or influence, this frail soul, inspired only by his great desire to honor Saint Joseph, stormed the doors of the teaching order of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and was admitted as a lay-brother. His tasks were simple, for his strength was small, and the limitations of his education made teaching impossible. Given the humble but historic office of porter, the lowliness of his position did not hinder him from giving the one thing that was in his power—service. For everyone who came to that door, he had a kindly word—a spirit so frank and so earnest that he gained the confidence of many.

TO those who asked for spiritual aid, he gave his own simple creed of faith, love, and trust in God. So many were spiritually and mentally inspired by his words, that they spread the news of his godly spirit abroad. Friends—Catholic, Protestant and Jew alike—came to gain inspiration and help from him. The little shrine that he built with his own hands, became a tiny chapel, too small to hold the crowds who daily made their way to that quiet spot. What he sowed was a word of cheer, a note of encouragement, a simple prayer, always tinged with his indomitable faith in God, and devotion to his particular patron, Saint Joseph. What he has reaped at last, through the contributions of his grateful friends, is the promise of a great shrine in honor of Saint Joseph—a basilica, the crypt of which is now finished, to cost over $2,000,000. Once more have the disabilities of an infirm body, an untutored mind, and a lowly position been overcome by the greatness of a simple soul.

A DEVICE has been perfected in France, whereby from a single matrix, about two hundred copies of a page of Braille may be reproduced in the time formerly necessary to make one. This slate work, as it is called, is done by hand—for the most part by trained volunteers—to supplement the machine, or press-work. The present cost of a machine-made Braille volume is from $30.00 to $60.00—a prohibitive price for most individuals. The new system will reduce that cost to the mere price of paper and binding (something under $5.00) as the cost of labor is, of course, eliminated. This slate is shortly to be introduced into the United States. When we realize that there are over a hundred thousand blind people whose resources are confined to less than five hundred titles, most of which are text-books, we may grasp the significance the good news from France has for them and their friends.

MANY people will be more or less familiar with reproductions or pictures of the remarkable stelae from Copan and elsewhere in Yucatan, carved by the ancient Mayans, which mark the dates of their cycles of years (each of about three hundred and sixty days) which cycles seem to have covered about three hundred and ninety-five of our years. The difficulty in connection with these has always been to fix the initial date from which these time-records start in terms of our chronology. It is now announced that Dr. H. J. Spinden of Harvard has been able to show that 3373 A. D. is the exact year from which these ancient builders in Central America dated their time-count. From these observations it would appear that the period of the great Mayan civilization was from 70 A. D. to 612 A. D. and that the date of the great stela at Copan was about 474 A. D. Professor Elliot Smith has asserted that the Mayan civilization was derived from Cambodia, and it is on this stela that he bases most of his arguments. If the date is as claimed, it is impossible that the theory can be true, for the Cambodian civilization was later by centuries than 70 A. D. or even 474 A. D. Professor Smith's claim that the stela shows a representation of an elephant's head "with an unmistakable Indian mahout" has been hotly contested, some having endeavored to show that what was meant, was a tapir or the beak of a macaw. Quite recently Dr. Forbes has brought forward what seems excellent evidence to show that what the carving really represents is some form of octopus with a turbaned head resting on the creature's body, and that the so-called "driving-stick" is really one of its tentacles. It is clear that if these views should be accepted, the Cambodian theory is completely out of court so far as this and other stelae are concerned.

OURSELVES AND CHINA

THE barometer of international relations continues to rise in China, and the thermometer of international passions to fall. Theoretically, the road to pacification seems much less impassable than it was some weeks ago. The Nine-Power treaty has at length been signed by strangely dilatory France. President Coolidge has formally declared in favor of a conference of the powers to discuss the entire body of Chinese questions and arrive at such modifications of policy as may seem expedient. These two remedies have been prescribed by all those who write about the Chinese situation with any authority. But if the special correspondents to our big dailies are reporting accurately, British, French, and Japanese representatives in the Orient are violently opposed to any official tête-à-tête presided over by this country. Britain professes to believe that the roots of the Chinese difficulty are beyond the reach of treaty surgery. Her publicists—even those who write for the less nervous periodicals—express horrified concern with the spectre of Bolshevism in the Far East, and are breathless with dismay at the possibility that British prestige may tumble everywhere in Asia. To what extent the stories of Russian meddling are credible must remain a topic for expert guessing. But it will help no one to deny that the English have much at stake and rightly fear for the safety of their interests.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a large measure, the situation is clearly due to the attitude which her officials and commercial dependents have taken towards China. For them it has been an economic opportunity rather than a nation. Even so good a book as Professor Middleton Smith's British in China, blandly declares—"We need have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that the only hope for immediate improvement in China is the employment of foreigners in administrative and advisory capacities." The professor was haunted by visions of immense natural resources lying idle in the vast provinces, waiting for somebody to develop them; and he could not forget how many of his countrymen felt admirably qualified for the job. The late Northcliffe, in the book of travels published shortly after his death, surveyed the personal results of their efforts to date with the complacency one would expect from him. Among other informative items he noted that the railroad between Pekin and Mukden paid a 30 percent dividend—"perhaps the largest dividend paid by any railroad in the world"—described Pekin as "a Riviera with a thousand added attractions," encountered "topping Rolls-Royces" everywhere, and was struck on every occasion by the fact that "the British in the Far East do themselves well—as they deserve to do." In return for all these good things, British "administration" can offer the Chinese no very charming record—the Anglo-Japanese agreement, the opium trade, the economic exploitation of coolie labor, the use of China during the war as a foil with which to rout the Germans, and the abolition of Chinese customs. Every disinterested spectator will see at a glance that this list makes a rather sorry antipode to a few institutions of learning, a group of Anglican missionaries and—some electric light.

On the other hand, Americans have generally taken a wholly different stand. Perhaps this is due to no ingrained national righteousness—our interests in the Orient have been rather negligible since the Civil War. In any case, the residual effect is a matter for self-congratulation. In general, most of us subscribe to this sentence from Mr. Kenneth Latourette's standard book—"Whatever the future of the country and however thorough-going its transformation, the older civilization will be the foundation of the civilization of the future." It is only natural, therefore, that we should like to see official action on the present trouble conform to our historical standard of good-will. The American people will stand behind the President in his effort to disentangle right from wrong, and to pledge the disinterested respect of our officials. Danger lies in the possibility that we may be scared by visions of a sovietized Orient. But it is worth recalling that a nation which is more than 90 percent agricultural offers no fertile field for industrial revolution; and that, finally, we can do more to oppose Russian perfidy in China by supporting the fine men we are sending as missionaries and physicians, than by striving to uphold exploitation by foreign commercial groups.

THE TAUNGS SKULL

THE true place of the Taungs skull, about which considerable interest was recently aroused, seems now to be clear. It turns out to be an interesting example of an anthropoid skull in a district where such were previously unknown, and of a period not previously noted. Nor is that all. Its enthusiastic discoverer, Professor Dart, has sent to the Wembley Exhibition near London, not only a cast of the skull but, to be quite in fashion, a plastic "reconstruction" of what he supposes the creature to have been like, and a chart showing where he thinks the animal falls into the pedigree of man. But such things are largely matter of personal preference.

The pros and cons have been carefully considered by Sir Arthur Keith, an authority on the subject of early man, on which he has written several books—and certainly not one who would feel backward in accepting alleged "human links." His findings have been set forth in our contemporary, Nature, and are worth recording here. In the first place he declares that "the skull is that of a young anthropoid ape—one which was in the fourth year of growth." It possesses "a brain which, in point of size, is actually smaller than that of a gorilla of corresponding age."

Professor Dart, naturally anxious to claim a position of importance for his find, had already described this creature as "the foundation stone of the human race." Unfortunately for his theory, Doctors Robert Broom and E. H. L. Schwarz have shown that it was contemporary with Rhodesian man, which, according to the latter, was "widely distributed throughout South Africa, so that the man who snared the young australopithecus probably belonged to its epoch." (Australopithecus is the name given by Professor Dart to his find.)

Sir Arthur Keith is still more emphatic. He remarks, referring to the genealogy which Professor Dart would establish, that "a genealogist would make an identical mistake were he to claim a modern Sussex peasant as the ancestor of William the Conqueror." He proceeds to criticize the "reconstruction," of which he says that "although the skull is anthropoid, it has been marred by a 'make-up' into which there have been incorporated many human characteristics."

It is a curious thing that Sir Arthur, who deals thus severely with the undoubted mistakes of his colleague, in this statement falls himself into a piece of wholly unjustified dogmatism—"Java-man (pithecanthropus) still remains the only known link between man and the ape, and this extinct type lies on the human side of the gap." No one knows better than the writer of those lines that at least one-third of the serious authorities who have written on this creature, declare that it is an ape and nothing more—though it is to be admitted that others support his opinion. But with this striking difference of opinion in existence, the writer's dogmatism seems scarcely justified.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TENNESSEE—STATE OF BRAVE MEN

By FORREST DAVIS

JOHN "TATE" RAULSTON, who conducts "classes" in the Methodist Episcopal church, South, and addresses protracted meetings between terms on the Tennessee circuit bench, arose in the sultry court room to chastise the insolent northern agnostic, Darrow.

Over the week-end Judge Raulston had cogitated deeply in the mountain fastnesses of Winchester. The insults of Darrow rankled. The elder statesmen of the region, sitting on "Tate's" front porch, reminded him that Tennesseans are an independent folk, a brave breed who never have flinched from danger, within or without. So the judge, whose native place in these hills is Fiery Gizzard, wrote his rebuke.

He read the indictment of Darrow in a high quaver, such as the mountain revivalists affect. He read to an indifferent gathering until, demonstrating the enormity of Darrow's offense, he adverted to the readiness of Tennessee to uphold her rights as a sovereign jurisdiction.

Tennessee, he said, has not been dubbed the volunteer state falsely. What "Colonel" Darrow did had impugned the valor of the volunteer state. He drew himself up, straightening his square, broad shoulders. There was rugged force in the gesture.

Across the court room, where sallow mountaineer elbowed rouged town-belle, moved an intangible wave. It was pride. Judge Raulston had touched the spring common to all but a handful in the room. They stirred self-consciously. Tennesseans esteem themselves a race of heroes.

Nor is there anything in the immediate proceedings against John Thomas Scopes, and through him the expanse of modern learning, to belie that. Tennessee is as courageous in fighting for its primitive faith, and the few dissenters take their social and economic lives in their hands as bravely as have any people in history.

The trouble with Tennessee, the mountainous east, the prairie-middle and the alluvial western regions, is not lack of the heart-stirring qualities. They exist and in abundance. The fault with Tennessee, if it has a fault that may be ascribed to the state, is misinformation.

Let no metropolitan, grown cynical in the free interplay of opinion allowed in a heterogeneous community, imagine that the act of Tennessee in bidding science to remain outside its boundaries was a craven one. It sprang from fear; no one can doubt that. But fear always has been recognized as a potent stimulus to courage.

It required a spirit of independence for the legislature at Nashville to decree that rationalism, in the form of the evolutionary theory, should be kept from the schools of the state. Tennessee knew that the sophisticated, eastern world and the remote trans-Atlantic centres would pity, denounce and scorn the act. Likewise, it took courage to enforce the Butler law in the face of the mockery of the urban world.

Nor can the forthrightness of Scopes, John Randolph Neal, and the Memphis lawyer who volunteered to help the defense be regarded as pusillanimous ventures. Scopes, an adopted son, knew that if he indulged in martyrdom to the law he would be blacklisted by the schools of the state. Neal, whose law school in Knoxville was just becoming recognized through the state, knew that his appearance on the side of the "heretic" Scopes might well destroy his enterprise. The Memphis lawyer, a Harvard man and grandson of one of the most powerful exhorters in the Cumberlands, challenged the Methodist bishopric to join the case.

No. What Tennessee lacks is not the quality of stout-heartedness. Her entire record bristles with examples of men who led and followed dominant and forlorn causes. Her people show assured self-confidence; they have their full share of the vigorous frontier traits we like to appropriate as American.

There was a striking example of that last week when Judge Raulston, fretted by evidences that the second floor of the Rhea County court house might give way with the crowd, transferred his court to the lawn. Other jurists, properly mindful of the dignity of their bench, would have dismissed the audience rather than subject their proceedings to the informality of outdoors.

But the Judge, testifying to the disregard for circumstance and imposed order residing in these hills, hesitated not at all. Bearing his palm leaf fan, with lawyers, attachés, correspondents and plain citizens sipping pop from bottles, he led the way to the groves.

Years ago John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, sought refuge in eastern Tennessee from the agents of the British government. Bringing his family with him from Australia, he idled and pondered up and down the steep "branches" of the Cumberland streams. One day, encircled by hillmen, he took part in a rifle-shooting contest.

"Who is that stranger?" inquired a trapper from over the ridge. "He don't do nuthin', only go fishin' and shootin' with his sons."

"That," replied a man of the valley, "is John Mitchell. He's exiled by the British government."

"The British government," said the visitor in great amazement, "I thought we'd whipped that consarn out long ago."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If a visitor from the North or East had suggested to Judge Raulston, to make an example, that in England the judges wear wigs and robes and hold court invariably indoors, a reply in that general tenor might have been expected.

These are true Americans, of the old order, in east Tennessee. Biased, as secluded men always are; violent in their passions, quick to draw a bead to defend what they consider their rights; untouched by the give and take of complex society, they stand, with no compromise, for what they consider to be fitting.

To some of us, brought here from cosmopolitan centres, it has seemed that the eastern part of Tennessee is a pocket into which the old Anglo-Saxon type was poured long ago, and that the virtues of that race remain, accentuated, as the vices of hard-mindedness and extreme practicality linger unrelieved.

But Tennessee is a brave state. There is no mistake about that. It is brave not only in defying the modern world and rallying behind its ramparts to safeguard the fundamentalist Bible; it has been a state of brave people since its beginnings.

Few more resplendent figures, irrespective of the merit of their policies, have arisen in our national life than Andrew Johnson and Andrew Jackson. Both were products of the gnarly Scotch admixture with the northern Irish that peopled these hills. Both were of what is known locally as the Scotch-Irish.

It has been the fashion since reconstruction days to deplore Johnson. But, whatever the wisdom that impelled him, however grievously he may have erred in prosecuting the program of Lincoln, there can be no two opinions as to the great-heartedness of his opposition to the Confederacy.

Johnson, the illiterate tailor's son, was the only one of twenty-two southern senators to refuse to resign his seat when the union was imperilled. His two-day speech in which, professing his love for the South, he proclaimed his greater devotion to the principle of national unity, will become—Tennessee historians assure me—a state document of immense value when the history of the period catches its breath.

The career of Jackson, impetuous and wrong-headed as his enemies asserted him to be, was studded with evidences of irresponsibility easily translated into courage. Few annals have been so expressive of complete bodily and moral courage—whether defending the honor of his divorced wife, defying the power of the northern money power, prosecuting a military campaign or affronting the social order at Washington.

Farther back even than Jackson the student of Tennessee history finds the threads of tradition that arouse Tennesseans to pride in their thin wedge of territory that lies between the Appalachian ridge and the Mississippi. The region was founded by individuals of hardihood. They rode down the passes from Virginia and the Carolinas; they struggled with broad sweeps against the currents of the Tennessee.

And when they had founded rude shelters in the Cumberlands, the Blue Ridge and the Smokies, they made each one in fact the castle of its owner. The state of Frankland, one of the American commonwealths that has disappeared almost from memory, grew out of their dogged loyalty to principles of freedom—for themselves, for the folk who had tamed the wilderness, against the merchants and bankers of the seaboard.

Prior to that, after Daniel Boone had trailed the way to the first white settlement at Watauga, the Tennesseans had shown their unafraid qualities by breaking the line of the British at King's Mountain. They took Ferguson's army there, the two-thirds that their sharp-eyed rifles did not kill or maim, and marched them away from the reach of Cornwallis.

Down the Watauga, the broad Nolachuchi, the Tellico, the Holston and the Hiwassee poured newcomers after the independence of the colonies had been certified. They were mainly of the same grim breed. Some of them overflowed into the broad western plains, mingled with cavaliers from Virginia and the Carolinas, and became planters and slave-owners.

But most of them stayed in the ridges, plowing and seeding, hunting and trapping, making corn liquor and cherishing the recollections of the gallant struggle under Washington.

These people—the ancestors of the men who focussed the world's eyes on Dayton by seeking to bar the modern intellectual world from their hills and lowlands—remained a thorn in the side of prevailing thought. Non-slave owners themselves, they never became reconciled to the dark institution that flourished around their foothills.

Before the Civil War dawned, the Tennesseans, faithful to the union they had helped establish, inimical to the aristocratic society on all sides of them, served notice they would oppose disruption with their lives. In the fall of 1860 Nathaniel G. Taylor, speaking in Knoxville, warned the secessionists that eastern Tennessee and such parts of the centre as were loyal would rally to the side of Washington against Richmond.

"Eastern Tennessee," said Taylor, "is determined to maintain the union by force of arms against any movement from the South through their region of the country to assail the federal government.

"The secessionists of the cotton states," he continued, "will have to march over my dead body and the dead bodies of thousands of mountaineers if they wish to challenge the integrity of the union."

It was unpleasant for loyal Tennesseans to resist their geographical neighbors; just as fundamentalist Tennesseans, the sensitive ones among them, find it uncomfortable to go to the support of a law making the Bible the standard of scientific instruction in the schools. But they fought it out four years, sending 30,000 able-bodied riflemen to join the Union forces.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor is there any sign that the Tennessee folk, having taken a stand against evolution and what are to them the materialistic forces of modern science, will withdraw from the battle. Once they get their teeth set in a conviction these people are not easily disengaged from it.

However misguided the people of this state may be, and most of us at the trial of young Scopes believed they had been led into a futile attempt to stop the flow of ideas, no one that has been among them can deny that they are prepared to unsheathe the sword, recklessly, for what they consider the truth.

Courage and wisdom notoriously are not inevitably associated. "Old men for counsel, young men for action," seems to state a general principle of divided labor. If Tennessee is brave, is it at the same time altogether wise?

There again occurs a division, this time of opinion. The Tennessee fundamentalist, looking over a state in which the simple Bible faith prevails overwhelmingly, would answer—"Yes. We have the right to protect our religion against scepticism in the schools provided by the state."

"We fundamentalists," he would say, "are the state to all intents and purposes. If we choose to try to keep the stream of our beliefs pure, who should object?"

But the person who believes in the tradition of separation of church and state, as dear as the memories of personal heroism on the frontier; who regards the guarantees for minorities embodied in the Constitution as real expressions of vital principles—he questions the judgment of the volunteer state, without impugning its valor.

Under the present state of affairs in Tennessee, although the householders are hospitable and the ladies are exceeding fair, there is little comfort for a religious dissenter—whether he be a member of the Catholic communion or a doubter of the indisputable evidences of Christianity.

Brave, but bigoted, might interpretatively describe Tennessee in July of 1925.

SUNDAY IN DAYTON

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AS you get off the train at Dayton, Tennessee, a few steps bring you to a broad street leading into the heart of the little town, and you see a large sign stretched across the street reading—"Dayton: Western Union." A little further on there is another sign—"Robinson's Drug Store: Where It Started." "It," of course, being the evolution trial. The telegraph sign is the symbol of the violent importance which has so suddenly transmogrified this remote corner in a mountain valley into a vortex of vast human passions, struggles, interests and problems profoundly affecting American life. In normal days the number of telegraph messages going into or out of Dayton would be few and far between. On a Sunday probably none at all, save the railroad routine orders. During the trial, scores of instruments clicked without cessation as a hundred reporters typed or wrote or dictated thousands after thousands of words which in the morning would be read, or at least seen, by millions of people throughout the world.

Even so early in the case the local interest in Mr. Bryan has become very tepid. But not the pride and faith of Dayton's citizens in him—that runs deep and strong, like their piety. Still, as he passes, his keen profile outlined under the big sun helmet, the mop of hair at the base of the huge bald skull sticking out exactly as the cartoons indicate, the passersby point and gossip. Dudley Field Malone, who is helping the sallow, wrinkled, beetle-browed Clarence Darrow, brings a note of Broadway with his careful dress. You never see him in shirt sleeves; he is the boulevardier; while Darrow, Bryan and others either play to the Dayton gallery with their free and easy dress and manners, or else fall into them because of their native suitability. Yonder passes Scopes, the defendant, sadly in the background now, with his father trotting at his side. E. Julius Haldeman, of Kansas, the self-styled American Voltaire, strolls along. This business is "big stuff" for Mr. Haldeman, who is banking everything on his belief that the American people have had all they mean to have of religion, and are all but ready to fall in behind the Voltaire from Kansas—or at least somebody with whom the Kansas Voltaire may march—turning out the cheap literature of the anti-religion crusade. Across the way broods Deck Carter, "the man who talks with God," a little sad because Dayton has all the religions it can absorb just now, and has cold-shouldered Mr. Carter, despite his big advertisements announcing himself as "the world's Bible champion." They are all Bible men and women in Dayton, so Mr. Carter is hitting the trail away from there. A few city flappers flap, and a few earnest-looking young ladies in hiking breeches mingle strangely with the bonneted deaconesses and the snuff-colored, straight gowns of hill women—probably of the Holy Roller sect. Dayton never had a Sunday like this before, but Dayton's Sunday is deeper than this queer surface aspect of today. Sunday in Dayton is the great day of the week. The courteous Tennesseans in this valley are literal and sectarian in their Christianity, but it is most sincere and deep and strong.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only the drug stores are open in the two streets, each a few short blocks in length, which are all-sufficient for Dayton's business and civic life. Automobiles go to and fro, many of them on press business, or carrying the members of the opposing legal forces to and from their many conferences. In the hotel and lodging-house rooms, where the correspondents are at work, the statements issued by the various figures or groups concerned in this extraordinary, this fantastic case are pouring in. For, in spite of the fact that it is Sunday, and no court sessions are going on, the news events of the case are "breaking" fast and furious. There are statements concerning the ever-shifting legal aspects. There are rumors abroad that all expert testimony as to evolution is to be excluded. Other rumors cry aloud to the precise contrary. Reporters scurry after lawyers, lawyers chase reporters, and all sorts of people with all manner of interests for which they think a dose of publicity would be helpful are on the job. And, in addition to all this, which is quite the usual accompaniment of any big law case, other and more dramatic events are happening. A Methodist minister of one of the numerous little Dayton churches has been warned by a group of his irate fundamentalist congregation that they will not tolerate the appearance in their church of a "liberal" Unitarian minister from New York, one of the witnesses for the defense, whom the Dayton minister had invited to address his people on evolution. According to some of the reports, the incensed congregation threatened "to wreck the church" if the evolutionist should speak. So the minister gave in and recalled the invitation, and announced his resignation. Some of the more hectic reporters luridly described him as a martyr, or a victim of horrible and stupid injustice and persecution. But others remembered that, after all, the reverend gentleman from New York belongs to a sect quite radically different from the Methodist, and that probably the Methodists preferred, with some show of reason, to use their church for prayer and worship after their strict, but undoubtedly sincere, mode of Christian belief, rather than to turn it into a lecture hall. Moreover, the Unitarian lecturer would have his chance in the evening, when he was to lecture in the court-house yard—following Mr. W. J. Bryan's fundamentalist speech, or lay sermon, in the same place in the afternoon.

But to this sensible opinion the others retorted by saying that "there was talk" that the crowd of fundamentalists would break loose and riot in the evening, and would squelch the champion of evolution by brutal force, if necessary. There even "was talk" that one stalwart fundamentalist had applied for legal permission to "tote a gun," presumably to be ready for the riot stuff. Well, doubtless there was some such talk—but there always is. Anyhow, the pressmen looked forward to the fall of night with a "fifty-fifty" feeling of expectancy or indifference. Yet even the cooler or the more cynical ones resolved to be at hand, "in case something should happen." For all felt that in this strange, fantastic case anything might happen.

But in Dayton's streets this Sunday, among the townspeople, and the out-of-town visitors attracted by a vague and wondering curiosity—a very small throng, and with their interest soon quenched—there was little evidence of the events agitating the press. Dayton for the most part was concerned solely with its normal Sunday life—which is church, Sunday school, Bible classes, evening church meetings, Bible reading at home, out-of-air religious meetings both in the town itself and out of town among the Holy Rollers.

The great meeting was the one before which Bryan preached. From far out of town the hill people and valley farmers came. The strong, unquestioning respect for, and belief in, this veteran orator, political champion, moral crusader was made manifest by this meeting in the clearest way. He is the great leader of their gathering movement to preserve the threatened status of the fundamentalist Protestant position. They believe what indeed many far less simple and unlettered people who are far from sharing their other views also believe—namely, that Christianity is being assailed by a host of strong and determined iconoclasts, more or less inchoate and unorganized save in the sense that in the war upon Christianity all sorts of persons and groups of persons can and do make a common cause—particularly when the Christian forces, or at least the fundamentalist Protestant portion of those forces, are taking such unwise means in behalf of their principles as are exemplified in the Tennessee school law and the threatened move to write their views into the United States Constitution.

Bryan's magnificent voice, his lucid and musical phrases, his powerful and heartfelt faith in the Incarnate Son of God and Son of Man—all this held together his vast audience of country people—men and women and youth—in a communion of potent belief.

How different was the scene in the evening, when the Unitarian lecturer from New York addressed his audience, a much smaller one, to be sure, but, after all, as one of the reporters said, "a very good house." There was no hint of any interference with him. These Tennessee folk are far indeed from being the crude, intolerant yokels that some of the smart young men from the big cities describe them. Their courtesy is most genuine. Their hospitality is simple, sincere, unostentatious. Most evidently only a very few persons in that calm, unmoved audience were followers of the chilly rationalism of the Unitarian. This, no matter how well reasoned, and literary, and highbrow, they knew was certainly not religion. And there is something in these Tennessee believers that is so strongly and deeply religious that no amount of sophisticated intellectualism disturbs them for a moment.

All the roads that led into Dayton this Sunday were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thick with signs—but not pill advertisements, or gasoline placards only—for everywhere there were signs which read: "Read Your Bible," "Read Your Bible," "Read Your Bible"—and texts, and warnings against sin and judgment. On all the street corners, in the drug stores, the hotel lobby, religious discussions proceeded—home-made personal theologies fearfully and wonderfully argued—texts analyzed, split, dissected, expounded. There are already a score of sects represented in this county—everything from sedate and reserved, educated and dignified Presbyterians to ecstatic Holy Rollers, Holy Jumpers, and strange wandering prophets who claim to talk directly with God, and who hawk new revelations from hamlet to hamlet. Out of the wave of religious emotion and excitement now prevailing there may be several new cults established.

The really weird Sunday scene was the Holy Roller meeting a mile or two outside the town. Under a huge tree near a water hole the shy, silent folk from the hills, men, women and children, were gathered. Flickering oil torches hung from the tree. Under them stood three men swinging and swaying their bodies in a sort of dance as the hypnotic music ran on endlessly, the folk in the dim crowd around the tree joining in now and then. Sometimes they threw themselves on the ground, crying aloud in their "unknown tongue." They dispensed bread and wine in a faraway resemblance to some mutilated Mass ceremony. They washed each other's feet. And at times a contagious hysteria swept through them, and they howled, screamed, writhed, frothed at the mouth, leaped and fell in fits.

But mostly the Dayton people are not of this ritualistic and corybantic group. They are more restrained, sober, puritanical; but equally devout, as fully convinced of the truth of religion. God is near to their lives among these hills and valleys. If they express their faith in ways that must often be deplored, and that tend to make its very expression more and more disintegrated into small, separate, singular groups, tending more and more to lose real unity even of faith—no Catholic, it seems to me, can but help admiring their constancy and their earnestness, and their open profession of their faith, even while he deplores their eccentricities and their loss of the authority and guidance which only one Church can give to humanity.

The author of Loyal Mountaineers of Tennessee, who has written a fine and just account of the loyalty, bravery and tenaciousness of purpose characteristic of the Tennesseans, says that although large portions of the people are only slightly educated, no people anywhere have more information on the subjects that really interest them. Politics and religion are two of the most important of these subjects. Their knowledge of history and of the development of subjects like modern experimental science, in which they do not take interest, is, however, not strong. Their religion is fixed and for them absolute. The utterly literal interpretation of the Bible is a fundamental principle of their religion. It is true, the literal interpretation often varies, according as this individual or the other, who by virtue of qualities of leadership succeeds in gaining influence over others and reads and expounds the text. But their interpretations do not vary on the main points of outright Protestant fundamental theology. That is why the general popular support given by Tennessee to the anti-evolution law—and, what is more significant, their solid support to William J. Bryan—must be taken most seriously. Out of Washington there has come a newspaper report to the effect that the fundamentalists in both branches of Congress are now preparing to carry into the next session of the national legislature the fight to write fundamentalist ideas into national legislation. We should remember in connection with this report that there were more Ku Klux Klan members of the House and of the Senate elected at the last election than is generally known. The Ku Klux Klan members are fundamentalists. The real issue in this Dayton case, which the scenes of a typical Dayton Sunday illustrate, is the growing determination of millions upon millions of rural and small-town Americans, mostly of British stock—English and Scotch and north-of-Ireland people—to repress with the arm of legislation the menace of irreligion and of paganism which they believe threatens real Americanism.

The newspapermen, and the attorneys for both sides of the case, find their mail swollen with letters and statements emanating from all sorts and conditions of religious eccentrics, who yet illustrate, despite the very fantastic and at times almost maniacal nature of their utterances, the fact that the soul of the common American people is deeply religious. The unseen world, the spiritual forces behind the ordinary phenomena of life, appeal to these remote and isolated men and women of the soil, for whom the things of city life are as exotic and as foreign as things that may be happening in some other world. Lewis Levi Johnson Marshall, "Absolute Ruler of the Entire World, Without Military, Naval or Other Physical Force," distributes the literature of his movement, with "a proclamation of peace to all mankind." He assures these blasé newspapermen that "all wars are ended; all forces of evil will soon be under subjection; then peace shall reign for a thousand years." Then appears "Elmer Chubb, fundamentalist and miracle-worker," announcing that "miracles will be performed on the public square during the trial of the infidel Scopes. Dr. Chubb will allow himself to be bitten by any poisonous snake, scorpion, gila-monster or any other reptile. He will also drink any poison brought to him." An irreverent newspaper worker, who had experimented, said he would bring a drink of local corn whisky to Dr. Chubb, if cyanide of potassium did not work,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowing that if Dr. Chubb took a real drink it would be all over with the miracle-worker. Dr. Chubb prints a number of testimonials testifying to his immunity from the effects of snakes, poison or gila-monster bites, "all favorable but one." William Jennings Bryan is quoted as saying—"With my own eyes I have seen Dr. Chubb swallow cyanide of potassium." H. L. Mencken says—"Chubb is a fake. I can mix a cyanide of potassium cocktail that will make him turn up his toes in thirty seconds."

Also there is Wilbur Glenn Voliva, of Zion City, with the official organ of the peculiar people whom he has led since John Alexander Dowie was in his heyday. Voliva offers to supply his incontrovertible evidence that the world is flat. It is not likely, however, that he will be admitted to the trial. A score of other bizarre representatives of curious religious movements might be mentioned among the throng that on this Sunday in Dayton are causing even the most experienced and worldly wise reporters to realize the extraordinary nature of the consequence and by-products of this Dayton trial.

There is another thing that these newspapermen agree upon—namely, the fact that in all their experience they have never met such well-bred, polite, faithful, unspoiled boys. The telegraph messengers and errand boys necessary for the work in Dayton brought together a group of real young Americans. The impression they made should prove, if anything can, that there is in America, home training given by fathers and mothers who still believe in God, and the teaching drawn from the Christian religion. They may be narrow, these Tennessee Christians; they may be sectarian and even bigoted in their theological ideas; but the primal decencies of life, the training of the young in necessary things, has certainly proven successful. The exposure of this fine people to the cheap jibes, the smart-aleck jesting of sophisticated but really uncultured and unmannerly city folk is regrettable and sad; but, after all, it proves to all unbiased observers that the cities have still a great deal to learn from the small towns and the villages.

The American people want to know about religion. They are awake to the subject as they have not been for many years. Their instinct for the supernatural is alive and clamorous. Now is the time beyond all other times when the work being planned by the Paulist Fathers, and other organized efforts on the part of Catholics interested in bringing a reasoned theology, a legitimate authority, an approach to the supernatural life devoid of the fantasy of the Volivas, the Chubbs, and the personal enthusiasts who have been in such singular evidence in Dayton, is of importance. The Catholic Church has a message for America. Are Catholics going to take the same personal interest in the spread of the doctrines of their faith as these enthusiastic fundamentalists take in theirs? When are lay Catholics going to awake to their opportunities to help the clergy? As an observer on the strange battle-line at Dayton, I can testify that more than one individual has come to me saying—"Won't this controversy result in a great accession to the Catholic Church?" My answer was—"I trust so." May we be able to give the answer—"Yes"!

WHAT DAYTON THINKS

By FRANK R. KENT

A TREMENDOUS lot has been written, since the trial began and ended, about what the outside world thinks of Dayton. Nothing has been written about what Dayton thinks of the outside world. While the battle raged it was of course much too stunned, far too keyed-up, to think at all. The whole place was in a blaze of excitement that seemed to grow hotter and higher as the days passed. The noise, the clatter, the crowds, the cranks, the freaks, the fakes and fools, combined to create a condition in which coherent thought was relatively impossible and the minds of the people were blurred and confused.

Now that Dayton's share in this amazing business is over, the invading army has scattered or is scattering in every direction and the little country town—so like thousands of others in all parts of America—will shortly sink back into the dead calm from which it was so completely plucked. Then, perhaps, the communal mind will clear and its impressions take definite shape concerning the great gobs of culture, intellect and metropolitan refinement and polish which so suddenly descended upon it from the great centres of civilization.

They will not all be favorable. For example, what an astounding thing those nights of the first week must have been to the God-fearing villagers. A great, gaudily covered automobile, flaming with electricity, rushed up and down the streets for two hours. Its sides were covered with huge signs that read—"The Life of Christ—Come and See It—the Crucifixion, the Ascension, the Resurrection and Many Other Incidents—Come and See It." One man with a megaphone bawled this invitation out from the front seat while another incessantly rang a great bell.

On one corner a traveling atheist talked in a loud voice to a gaping crowd of the absurdity of the Bible, of the ridiculousness of thinking Christ divine, and the general silliness of believing in a hereafter. He was stopped by the police, but not before he had reached a horribly hysterical climax. On another cor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ner a brazen-throated barker advertised a moving picture show of the underworld entitled—While the City Sleeps, and a little farther along Tom Brown's Comedians rent the air with their appeals for attention, in clarion tones asserting that "Tom may be ugly, but he is honest!"

Nearby in a store there was a great cage containing a live gorilla, almost as big as a man, brought here from a circus presumably to show the people their ancestral origin. Around him gathered a ribald, jeering crowd of photographers, journalists, sightseers from Chattanooga, pseudo-scientists, moving-picture men, sensation seekers from all sections, scattering abroad a brand of profanity and a species of joke new to the natives. Just below a man, with a trick knife stuck through his arm while a Negro wiped the red ink off, screamed in agony until he got the crowd away from the gorilla and then tried to sell it corn plasters.

Then some one tipped the gang off that the Holy Rollers were having a meeting two miles away. A score of cars jammed with visitors rushed to the grove. They drove almost into the meeting, turned the glare of their headlights on the pitiful little group of men and women holding their weird services under the trees, sat around on the benches puffing cigarettes, kidding the men and women, laughing and joking until, abashed and afraid, the Holy Rollers abandoned their prayers and slunk off to their homes in the hills.

Now, that was not an isolated nor an unusual night—it was a typical night all through the trial. Moreover this new night life that the case brought to Dayton was all that four-fifths of the people of the place saw or heard of the trial. At no time were there ever more than two hundred residents of the town inside the court room. The great bulk of the crowd was made up of newspaper writers, photographers, officials, lawyers, curious people from Chattanooga and other places. For one thing they could not get in. For another, a whole lot of them would not have done so if they could. It is a literal fact that during the course of the trial many of the country people in the hills were afraid to come to town. It is equally true that there was no small number of people in the town itself who were afraid to go into the court room because of their belief that there might be some terrifying and dreadful manifestation of Divine anger during the trial as a rebuke to the unbelieving lawyers of the defense who were challenging the truth and sanctity of the Bible.

But neither they nor the Holy Rollers from the hills are the real Dayton. The real Dayton consists of about fifteen hundred decent, respectable men and women, not, it is true, of wide mental range or extensive experience, but not "morons," and not "yokels;" not fools and not fanatics. They are exactly like millions of other Americans living in thousands of other Daytons in every section of the United States. There happen to be in this little country town almost no Catholics, no Episcopalians, and no Jews. There are however two Methodist, two Baptist, a Presbyterian, and a Christian church. Around these evangelical churches the whole life of the town not devoted to work, revolves. Nine-tenths of the people are members and regular attendants of these churches. Religion to them is at once their mode of recreation and their means of redemption. It is the one emotional outlet of the town. It takes the place of golf, bridge, dancing, art, literature and music. There literally is nothing else but religion for the people who live in the Daytons. Deprive them of that, and their distress and destitution would, indeed, be pitiable to contemplate. Their belief is, of course, fundamental, and religion literally saturates their lives. It is estimated by those who ought to know that at least eighteen hundred of the total population of 2,000 are in favor of the law forbidding the teaching of evolution in the schools. And Dayton is a typical town, not only of Tennessee and not only of the South, but of the country as a whole. It is like most of the other isolated towns of the same size located far from any great city.

There is not the slightest doubt that the trial, itself, the night life while it lasted, the speeches of the defense counsel casting doubt upon the story of creation in the Bible, which has been bred into their bones, was shocking and offensive to a considerable element of the people. Unquestionably there is an element of the town that thoroughly enjoyed the whole business and found nothing offensive therein. There were some, too, who, completely indifferent to the case, made what money they could out of the visitors and were satisfied. That is true but it is equally true that there was a quiet, decent, deeply religious and reasonably intelligent part of the people who did not enjoy it and are relieved it is over.

Perhaps it is about "fifty-fifty"—but whether they enjoyed it or not the town will never be quite the same. It will have lost much and it will have gained little. It had a tremendous dose of outside culture and it is likely to have intellectual indigestion for some time to come—but the fundamental faith of the people will not be shaken.

Scars

The scars your going left with me,
I need not keep, for days will fall
And silently, eventually,
Obliterate them all.

And I, too, would be diligent,
Their swift extinction as my goal;
Save that I do not wish to be
Serene again and whole.

ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOLY ROLLERS

By LINDSAY DENNISON

THE extraordinary physical phenomena accompanying the peculiar religious exercises of the Holy Rollers near Dayton, Tennessee, which have been described by so many of the journalists attending the Scopes trial—the leaping, dancing, convulsive movements, weird cries and exclamations—have been observed in Tennessee long before the anti-evolution law attracted the attention of the world. In 1802 a considerable portion of the state was afflicted by an epidemic of religious hysteria, which is graphically described in an appendix to Loyal Mountaineers of Tennessee, by Thomas William Humes, a work published at Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1888.

The appendix runs as follows—"The love of religious excitement, attributed by the ex-United States consul at Singapore to the mountaineers of east Tennessee, is apt to exist among a civilized yet uneducated people, who lead a simple, natural life. Its indulgence was formerly much greater in the western states.

A religious excitement sprang up in east Tennessee in 1802, which was attended with remarkable bodily manifestations, familiarly known as the "jerks." The affection included among its subjects young and old, the strong and the weak, the good and bad as to previous moral character, those who invited it and those who hated it. It appeared quite involuntarily, it had no premonitory symptoms, and it left the patient as he was before. The very atmosphere seemed to be laden with an influence that brought the mind and body into a relation and sympathy that were abnormally close. If the preacher, after a smooth and gentle course of expression, suddenly changed his voice and language to the awful and alarming, instantly some dozen or twenty persons or more would simultaneously be jerked forward where they were sitting, with a suppressed noise, once or twice, like the barking of a dog. And so it would continue or abate, according to the tenor or strain of the discourse.

This extraordinary nervous agitation began in east Tennessee at a "sacramental meeting." On that occasion several hundreds of persons were seized with it. At first uniformly confined to the arms, the quick, convulsive motion went downwards from the elbow, and these jerks succeeded each other after short intervals. For some time no religious meeting was held in which this novel, involuntary exercise was not exhibited by more or less of the audience in that part of the country where it originated. Generally, all who had once been its subjects continued to be frequently affected, and not only at meetings but at home, and sometimes when entirely alone. The epidemic spread rapidly in all directions. Persons drawn by curiosity to visit the congregations where it existed, were often seized and when they returned home they would communicate the convulsive movements to the people there. In some instances, however, it occurred in remote valleys of the mountains, where the people had had no opportunity of communication with the infected. Its prevalence was greatest in east Tennessee and the southwestern part of Virginia. Soon the "exercise" began to assume a variety of appearances. While the jerks in the arms continued to be the most common form, in many cases the joint of the neck was the seat of the convulsive movements and was thrown back and forth to an extent and with a celerity which no one could imitate, and which to the spectator was most alarming. A common exercise was dancing, performed with a gentle and not ungraceful motion, but with little variety in the steps. One young woman had what was termed "the jumping exercise." It was truly wonderful, we are told, to observe the violence of the impetus with which she was borne upwards from the ground: it required the united strength of three or four of her companions to hold her down. None of these varieties, however, were half so terrible to the spectator as that which affected the joint of the neck, in which it appeared as if the neck must be broken. Besides these exercises, there were some of the most ludicrous and curious kind. In one, the affected barked like a dog; in another, ran with amazing swiftness, imitated playing a violin, or sewing with a needle, etc. The affection was "imported" into Kentucky as well as Virginia.

These nervous agitations were at first received as supernatural agencies, intended to arrest the attention of the careless multitudes, and were therefore encouraged and sustained by many of the pious, but after a while they became troublesome. The noise made by the convulsive motions in the pews was such that the preacher could not be composedly heard; and in several of the exercises the affected persons needed the attention of more than one assistant. Moreover subjects of the jerks eventually became weary of them, and avoided serious and exciting thoughts, lest they should produce this effect. However, all united to testify that, in the most violent and convulsive agitations, when the head would rapidly strike the breast and back alternatively, no pain was experienced; and some asserted that when one arm only was affected with the jerks it felt more "comfortable" than the other throughout the whole day. In some places the persons affected were not permitted to come to the church on account of the noise and disturbance they caused. The subjects were generally pious or seriously affected with religion, but not universally so. There were cases in which the careless, and those who continued to be so after the seizure, were victims. With many persons, both religious and careless, dread of the "jerks" became a mental obsession and the affection did not contribute to the advancement of religion. How long the excitement lasted is not stated. The description is strangely like that of the curious, religious dancing mania of the middle-ages.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS OF CHILE

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

My One Desire

I had only one desire,
To own my garden and my bower,
What bread and fruit I might require,
To read my eclogues by the hour.

I had the garden and the bower—
My heart would sigh for something more,
A fair companion like a flower
To smile and dream I hunted for.

I found the fair companion soon;
My bread was fresh, my honey sweet;
She is the flame that makes my noon—
Within my breast and brows, the heat.

My garden and my roses' bower,
My fair companion, honey, bread—
Why, man, but this is life's full dower,
And all we know when all is said.

ARTURO TORRES RIOSECO.

Woman

Thy great and wicked mouth
Was a fountain for my thirst;
For cool water was my drouth—
Woman!

In thine eyes the sheen
As of the dying day;
Never was thy poet seen—
Woman!

My love was altogether thine,
Today as on the day we met;
Why was it you were never mine,
So that I might forget—
Woman?

CARLOS PRENDEZ SALDÍAS.

My Shadow

I loved thee—there was none that knew,
Nor I myself could give the answer true;
I love thee still beyond all things that be,
Why hast thou loved me not as I loved thee?
They point the finger at me now in truth—
There goes a townbred youth!

CARLOS PRENDEZ SALDÍAS.

Life

Let others seek to pierce thy breast,
To read thee—Life—and thy intent,
I seek not, fear not, with the rest,
Nor bless thee nor in aught lament,
Nor weep thy love nor scorn confest,—
My day the winds have sent!

'Twas once I fancied that the wave
Some channel fixed, and sure would show;
The fountain spring finds nothing save
Itself, in all the fountain's flow!—
Alas—my tears eternal lave
Thy false mirage below.

DIEGO DUBLÉ URRUTIA.

Age

Few my years, when hopes were many,
Dreams were gay, and I sang any—
Now my hopes are few, and older
Griefs pile up, and sighs grow bolder.

I have seen but few hopes tarry
On the road where the far years carry;
Mine, it seems, by age were frighted—
For hopes are maids that scorn the white-head!

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ.

Home of Peace and Purity

In the little room where the day was dying,
Children bend above their books; their mother at her toil;
On the little table within the lamplight lying
There was set a spray of lilies, snowy from the soil.

Like a peaceful vase of purity, the dwelling—
"Here there is no touch of life upon its troubled way!"
So the snowy lilies, fresh and pure, are telling,—
This is what their subtle perfume to young hearts would say.

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO.

To Rafael Albert Arrieta

Thy poem, like a drop of honeyed blood, is oozing;
Unshamed from out thy breast it steals to mine.
Athwart the poem steadily runs a shiver—
But that small wound of thine is the mighty wound of humanity!

GABRIELA MISTRAL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

The Fugger News Letters—1568-1605, by Victor von Klarwill. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.00.

IN the years of the foreign trade expansion, 1918-20, every New York corporation setting out to seize over-night the trade of the world, made its first care to establish a research department, and a house-organ, or news letter. There were portraits of the "dynamic" vice-presidents who were—or said they were—forceful, virile "go-getters." Each issue held letters from the young (also forceful and virile, and sometimes styled, diplomatic) representatives, who on arriving in London, Paris or Pekin, mostly for the first time, announced their views very fully and with remarkable persistence. These particular activities constituted what was considered one of the most modern developments of ultra-modern business.

I think we would have been sceptical or bitterly disappointed, had anyone pointed out that a certain captain of industry in the fifteenth century used a "house letter," as wide-spread in the known world as the Associated Press service of today, carried on under far greater difficulties, and based upon Mr. Melville Stone's special rule of "news," without comment or propaganda. "News letters," passing from hand to hand, antedated the printing press, and formed the link between private correspondence and the very modern metropolitan daily newspaper.

A village weaver named Fugger took his savings to Augsburg in Germany, prospered, expanded, married his sons carefully, and passed from weaving to merchandising; from merchandising to foreign trade in spices, silks, the products of the Orient; from "export and import" to domestic and foreign loans and financing. About one hundred years after the arrival of the first Fugger of importance, the family was lending to princes and kings and Popes, taking as security whatever the feudal lords had to offer, mines, towns, lands, titles of nobility—retaining these on foreclosure proceedings. Thus the Fuggers became counts—later princes, which titles they retain today.

Their agents and ambassadors reported from every principal capital—they corresponded with the Jesuit missions and from them received valuable information from the far ends of the earth. These news letters were collected in Augsburg, parts of them copied, translated into several languages and published; the whole vast bulk of them were eventually transferred to Vienna in the seventeenth century, where they have been hardly explored. Those that have been brought out by Victor von Klarwill (a synopsis in one volume of eighteen manuscript volumes covering the period from 1568-1605) touch on every possible interest; the execution of Counts Egmont and Horn in Brussels—the death of Don Carlos—"piratical activities of the English"—an auto-da-fé in Seville—labor disturbances among the copper miners—bankruptcies in Antwerp—the battle of Lepanto—Russian atrocities—St. Bartholomew's night, by an eye-witness—Jewish pogroms in Vienna—student riots at the University of Paris—famine in France—miracles—pest in Venice—the English-Irish war—"crime wave" in Paris—persecution of Jesuits in England—arrest for debt of "God the Father" by Judas (two actors in a "morality" play)—projects of marriage of the Queen of England—suicide of a bigamous "Protestant priest"—report from India—arrival of the India merchant fleet in Lisbon—fire on the Antwerp exchange—exorcism of devils in Vienna—arrival of the gold convoy from India—report from Cochin-China—execution of Mary Stuart—defeat of the invincible Armada—letters from East Indies—spread of Christianity in Japan—natural products of Japan—spread of improper dancing—great bankruptcy in Seville—Indian revolution in Peru—Spanish financial and economic policies—new loan of Philip II—the Golden Year in Rome—England and Holland control sea-power and monopolize overseas trade—and many others.

It all sounds extraordinarily like the news of the day, without much change in the nature of "headline" interest.

One of the most extraordinary subjects touched on by von Klarwill has to do with a loan to the Pope. But his sardonic, implications are not justified in the picture one can draw from his statement as it stands. International finance has always had its little jokes, known to the augurs alone. One can see the Vatican applying for a loan to the great financier; one can see that pillar of the Church, hard put to it for ready cash, as still happens, even in this day of rapid distribution of paper securities; one may imagine the delightful chuckle with which Count Fugger falls upon the happy expedient of subsidizing the "pardoners" and sellers of indulgences and false relics against whom the Popes are fulminating—the proceeds to pass to the "Thunderer" in the purified form of a cash loan, in the ordinary routine course of business. The suggestion is not far-fetched; the augurs have known of similar transactions with governments, in quite modern times.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Constant Nymph, by Margaret Kennedy. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $2.00.

THE names of Dostoievsky and Anne Douglas Sedgwick combine but quaintly, and there is an additional strangeness in beginning a review of Miss Kennedy's novel by mentioning them. But it is the shortest cut to a description of that arresting book to say that perhaps only Dostoievsky could have dredged up the psychological truths hidden in Miss Kennedy's material; and that perhaps only Anne Douglas Sedgwick (not the Anne Douglas Sedgwick of The Little French Girl, but the subtle, audacious, smooth, unflagging magician of Valerie Upton and Tante and Franklin Winslow Kane) could have worked these findings into the requirements of Miss Kennedy's plot, and carried that plot through all its moments with absolute credibility.

Miss Kennedy has produced what is in some ways a highly extraordinary novel. There is a silencing distinction in her manner of writing, which proudly and simply foregoes self-consciousness, and yet mingles a frequent, unforced poignancy with its composed detachments. There is a virgin strangeness in her material, and there are piercing possibilities in the story which she projects from it. But these possibilities are only partly conveyed to the reader's mind. Once the story moves from its admirable first situation, it begins to thin out. The whole last half of it is under-written. It is not that the author errs in her method of presentation; objectivity, as she abundantly demonstrates in the first half of the book, is a conserver and enchancer of emotional and spiritual values. It is rather that, as these values increase and subtilize, with the growth and interplay of the characters, she partly loses her hold on them. Their progress to a climax is under-written because it is under-realized. A more profound instinctive knowledge than Miss Kennedy seems to possess is required—and a more absolute courage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teresa's ethical nature is not given any time to attain that depth which would have made her decision to go away with Lewis tragically significant. Life impinges upon her with no organic result whatever. She is neither enriched nor degraded. Nothing comes to her but a purely adventitious taking-off. What she was at the beginning she remains at the end—a child, charming enough, humorous, alert, but quite unformed—kissing the whole of a drawing-room company goodnight, "sobbing distractedly over her sums," needing "to be driven" to wash her face and change her clothes. This is not the timber for moral tragedy, and the attempt at it here consequently seems unreal.

Miss Kennedy has put no authentic passion anywhere in Teresa's emotion for Lewis. The last episode, so far as she is concerned, is an idyll of silvery and cloistral purity. I should be the last to deny that it is a relief to the feelings to have it so. The real story, in the flesh, granted all the premises, would have been uglier and more terrible. It would have shown other things mingled, precociously and it may be even shamefully, with that attractive innocence. It would have shown the strange inner anomalies of a thwarted moral development in an inherently fine nature, laboring under the stress of its controlling desire. This neatened and prettified version is less painful; but it is also less truthful, less impressive, less revelatory. It is—granted, I repeat, all the premises—a vital evasion. Laying in the materials for a moral catastrophe, and then refusing, essentially, to use them, is not only pointless; it is bad art, and it teaches bad morals. If life under the Sanger dispensation is able to inflict upon a keenly responsive child nothing worse than heart trouble, then life under any different dispensation ceases to be necessary.

That is why, at the beginning of this comment, I called aloud for Dostoievsky. He, too, had a sensitiveness to evil—the same sort of sensitiveness which seems to have caused Miss Kennedy to flinch from the ultimate possibilities of her material. It would have operated in him, as always, only to sharpen his artist's sense of those possibilities. He could be trusted not to flinch. He saw every situation faithfully through to the end. He would have conferred upon Teresa her real destiny.

MARY BARBARA KOLARS.

The Land of Pardons, by Anatole Le Braz. Translated by Frances M. Gostling.

M. ANATOLE LE BRAZ enjoys considerable popularity in America since his successful lecturing tours throughout the United States and Canada. The secret of his charm and power lies in the fact that his soul and art are deeply rooted in his small and pathetic country, the Brittany of melancholy and of noble dreams. An Armorican bard, he is also an historian of the Celtic lands, with a touch of romanticism which helps us to discover in actualities of today the deathless poetry of the past. Les Chansons Populaires de la Basse Bretagne, La Terre du Passé, Les Contes du Soleil et de la Brûme, Pâques d'Islande—such titles eloquently suggest that M. Anatole Le Braz, bound by the gentle spells of the immemorial forest of Brocéliande, is the Christian Merlin who captures Breton legends before they fade away, to enwrap, in his prose and his verse, their vaporous image and the magical music of their songs.

The land of pardons is still Brittany, nay, la Bretagne Bretonnante! "Everyone has seen a 'pardon.' It is impossible to travel for a week in Brittany during the summer without falling into the midst of one of the local festivals. They are usually held near some old chapel, scarcely to be distinguished from the cottages around, save by its little bell-tower. Sometimes it nestles in the hollow of a wooded ravine, sometimes it stands on the summit of a barren wind-swept moor. In and around it you will find a crowd of people in their Sunday clothes, coming and going in quiet, monotonous fashion . . . Others, seated in the little inn, will be singing and making a great deal of noise, but evidently actuated more by conscientious motives than lightness of heart. Beggars are swarming everywhere . . . The young couples, who ought to be chattering of love, wander about, merely teasing one another awkwardly and shyly." But the essential fascination of the "pardon" does not abide in frivolities or amusements; it stirs us as though some deep moral to the living were hidden "in the graveyard, true field of Death, humped with mossy hillocks," where "a blind man, twisted and bent as the trunk of a yew tree, shrieks forth a mournful dirge in an unknown tongue."

Another prominent poet and a romancer of Brittany, M. Charles Le Goffic, to whom M. Anatole Le Braz has dedicated the second chapter of his book, has whispered to modern Parisian ears the esoteric meaning of the age-old pardons. Though adopted and purified by Christ and his saints, they still draw their originality from Druidic mysteries. "Nowhere else will you find anything so deliciously obsolete. They have no resemblance to other festivals. They are not pretexts for feasting, like the Flemish 'kermesses,' neither are they revels like the Paris 'foires.' No! Their attraction comes from a higher source. They are the last vestiges of the ancient Feasts of the Dead, and there is little laughter at them, though much prayer . . ."

With literary and patriotic delight, in which we share, M. Anatole Le Braz depicts five pardons—the "Pardon of the Poor," consecrated to Saint Yves, the latest and most popular of Breton saints, "good for everything, that is why he is so superior to all the rest;" the "Pardon of the Singers," which embodies the tragic story of the wreck of a prehistoric city, "Ker-Is," and the metamorphosis of King Gralon's daughter into a bewitching mermaid; the "Pardon of Fire," around the church of Saint Jean-du-Doigt, with a vision of that Breton Horeb, crowned by its flaming bush; the "Pardon of the Mountain," or the pilgrimage of the Troménie; and lastly the "Pardon of the Sea," incorporating the marvels of Sainte Anne de la Palud. Entertaining and picturesque descriptions—quaint anecdotes and pious fairy tales! Many are deeply moving. There is not one that does not bring a wistful smile to our lips and make us long for Brittany again.

JULES BOIS.

Health and Religion, by Claude O'Flaherty. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00

THE essence of this book is summarized in a paragraph toward the end which represents a great Christian truth that has been lost sight of outside the Catholic Church. "There is no ground for supposing that the healing of the sick by spiritual means was a temporary gift to the Church, withdrawn at the close of the apostolic age. On the contrary, there is definite and abundant evidence that for several centuries such healing was an every-day practice in the Church. And it is significant that the apologists of the early centuries cited as evidence of the truth of Christian doctrines, not the miracles of our Lord's incarnate life, but the contemporary works of healing which the ministers of Christ were performing. . . . The signs continued to follow them that believed."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author, who holds the degrees of bachelor of medicine and of surgery from the University of Edinburgh, and has had many years' experience as a clergyman, has had opportunities of observing both mental and spiritual healing, which convince him that Christian faith can bring about the healing of ills which are even beyond ordinary medical or surgical relief. He believes that confession, and by that he means auricular confession, though he is an Anglican, surpasses psychoanalysis for the solution of the mental difficulties and disturbances which it has become the custom of the day to call complexes; and that a fervent "Thy Will be done," said every day, neutralizes dreads better than the most recondite psychological healing.

We wish that he had made clearer the distinction between mental and spiritual healing. We hear much in our day of the wonderful influence of the mind on the body. Usually when people speak of mental influence they refer to the cures that are made by it. The interesting connotation of that expression, however, is the number of symptoms that the mind can produce. Only the mind will cure these, and anything that will alter the state of mind of patients works a cure for them. They are cured in our day by electrical apparatus that has no electricity in it but only the idea of electricity as an activator. They are cured by psychology which the psychologists denounce as utterly futile. They were cured in Mesmer's time and by Elisha Perkins by supposed magnetic apparatus that had no magnetism in it. They are cured by religious appeals of any and all kinds that have no demonstrable relation to any logical form of religion that any reasonable, intelligent man would accept for a moment. The mind can produce all forms of disease in the sense that dis-ease means discomfort. It can even, by discouraging exercise, impairing appetite and keeping people indoors with the persuasion that they have some physical affection, produce real physical complications. Whenever it acts in this way the remedies must come through the mind. This is mental healing and we have an immense amount of it today.

Spiritual healing is very different. The term should be reserved for the cure of diseases of various kinds—even organic diseases—by the intervention of the spirit world. Mental healing never cures organic disease. It merely cures the symptoms simulating organic disease which are so often produced through mental influence. Spiritual healing represents the miraculous in life; in a word, the supernatural. Mental healing is merely natural. We are getting to understand much more about it now than we did before. Spiritual healing existed in the early days of Christianity. It exists today, but it is extremely important to make the distinction between it and mental healing.

JAMES J. WALSH.

The Matriarch, by G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ONE naturally compares The Matriarch with that other fine genealogical novel, The Forsyte Saga. One family tree is rooted deep in English soil; the other spreads its roots from Constantinople to London. The Forsytes typify the English upper-middle class; the Rakonitzes are Israelites, aristocrats, and cosmopolitans, but not representative of any class. Galsworthy's motif is the power of acquisitive instinct; Miss Stern's, the power of matriarchy. In both books there is conflict.

This chronicle of Jewish family life comprises seven generations and contains over a hundred characters. Tribal authority is wielded magnificently by the women. Some of the victims of matriarchy glory in it. Some, though hating its domination, voluntarily sacrifice their lives to its continuance. The younger generation fight it. Yet so great is the force of the family tradition that Toni, the first to combat it, becomes in time a matriarch herself. In striking contrast to this tribal interdependence is Danny—"one of the very few souls who could live singly."

The first of the spirited Rakonitz women is Babette. "At seventy-eight, the relish for romance and experience still oozed from her, young and fresh as resin from the pine in spring!" Next in line comes Anastasia of the "fantastic, rollicking, arrogant career." Gay, capricious, luxury-loving, autocratic was Anastasia, the first matriarch. Then followed Toni, the modern matriarch, of benevolent reign. There was a gallantry about her. "She belonged to the chivalrous sex, and knew that you used nearly the worst weapon of all, but never, under the extremest provocation or goad, nor in self-defense, the final worst. You just didn't."

"This is partly a true chronicle," says the author. Those who are familiar with the remarkable history of the Rothschild family will naturally seek for parallels. Though it would be easy to find discrepancies, particularly in the important position that the women hold, it is probable that the spirit of that superb Jewish tribe is presented with fidelity. Their financial genius, their internationalism, their tendency to inter-marry, their family unity—all these traits appear in Miss Stern's chronicle. Reminiscent of Rothschild, too, are the Rakonitz personal characteristics—daring, brilliancy, fine courtesy, capriciousness and a rare sense of humor.

The book is a marvel of compactness. Anastasia "leaping like a chamois from story to story," is not more adept in rapid transitions than is Miss Stern herself. From anecdote to anecdote she leaps, but unlike Anastasia she does not indulge in "miraculous inconsequence." Out of the mass of family tales and traditions there emerge sharply-outlined individuals of joyous vitality. Here style is matter. The spirit of Rakonitz spills over every line.

The Matriarch has a sweeping panoramic quality. It is less leisurely and more dramatic than most novels of this genre. The dominant vein is high comedy, seasoned with satire. The novel is notably even and is sustained to the end.

L. D. HOWLAND.

(Due to exigencies of space, The Commonweal has postponed the publication of an article by W. O. McGeehan, which was announced for publication in this issue. It will appear in an early number.—The Editors.)

CONTRIBUTORS

FORREST DAVIS is a New York journalist, and was the special correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune at Dayton, Tennessee, during the Scopes trial.

FRANK R. KENT, of the Baltimore Sun, is a well-known journalist and writer on politics, and represented that paper at the Scopes trial. He is the author of The Great Game of Politics.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, connected for many years with the diplomatic service, was at one time United States Minister at Guatemala.

MARY BARBARA KOLARS is a contributor of literary and critical essays to the magazines.

JULES BOIS, distinguished French writer and poet, is at present in America and has been contributing articles on religion and psychology to The Forum and other magazines.

JAMES J. WALSH is well-known as a writer and lecturer on medical and philosophical subjects, and as the author of The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries, and other books.

L. D. HOWLAND is a contributor of literary criticism to the magazines.

LINDSAY DENNISON and ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE are new contributors to The Commonweal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIEFER MENTION

Catholicism and the English Mind, by Humphrey Johnson. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 1/6s.

THE present reviewer must confess to a certain prejudice against books in which conversations alone are to be found and take place between members of a dramatis personae carefully set forth in the beginning of the book and where each remark, as in a play, is ushered into the world preceded by its utterer's name. Let me say at once that I was, in spite of my prejudice, quite carried away by this most entertaining and instructive book of conversation. In the senior common room of an Oxford college gather, as in fact such a group might well gather, persons representing different shades of Anglican opinion from the almost extinct Evangelical, through the ultra-modern modernist up to the "Anglo-Catholic." Further, there is a "liberal" Jewish rabbi; an absolute unbeliever; a vegetarian; a violent contraceptionist; and others including a Catholic boy who says little and acts as a mere indication of that faith. And there is the real interlocutor, a young don, who has never been able to anchor himself to any faith and wants to know, like Rosa Dartle—at times to the extreme irritation of those whom he is cross-examining. The great thing about these people is that they really talk just as such people would talk, and they put their own point of view just as well as the point can be put. The interlocutor does not bowl over the men of straw set up before him, for indeed there are none such. What he does is to show where their arguments break down, or to what they lead as he elicits replies to his cogent and àpropos remarks. The model of all these conversations with purposes is of course the late Mr. Mallock's New Republic—what a pity that the younger generation knows so little of it! Of course Jowett, Huxley, Tyndall, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and the others so admirably pictured in that book are gone, and perhaps little known to younger readers but the ideas which they put forth, so naturally as almost to deceive readers, linger, as it does the brilliant wit of the writing.

Ship's Log, and Other Poems, by Grace Hazard Conkling. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

NOTHING that Mrs. Conkling has yet published would prepare us for the most interesting of the poems in this volume. It was always clear that her eye for external color, light and shade, contour, was, even for a poet, exceptionally sensitive, and that her command of a certain cool lyricism was confident and deft. Hitherto, however, she has written, like the imagists, at the dictate of an inspiration largely external, and unlike the imagists, she has utilized conventional lyric patterns of a simple, if exacting, sort. Now, in the poems of Ship's Log, she strikes a new, subjective note of an unmistakably individual timbre, and this in a series of free verse poems that it would be inaccurate to call experiments. With all its color and outline, however, the volume would distinguish itself less unequivocally from other contemporary work if it were not for its subjectivism. It is a subjectivism now no longer, as with our fathers, vague and cloudy and a little insubstantial, but a subjectivism with "edge, sting, and operation"—precise, defiant, "grounded," and even harsh; and it has room for anger as well as for the pleasanter moods. Poetry that, like much in this volume, twitches with the pang of an intimate and ineluctable psychic experience has a special authority for our none too tranquil generation.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"It is at once humorous and staggering," remarked Dr. Angelicus, "to see what attempts the new religions are making to change old religious values. On Sunday, as I was leisurely glancing at the New York Times, my gaze suddenly fell upon the startling caption—'Bernard Shaw and Anatole France Join the Company of the Saints.'

"I admit that I sat up with a jerk. I can only describe my state of mind in the few seconds that it took to go from caption to picture above, by quoting a verse I used to recite in my childhood—

" 'Oh, Oh, said the fly
As he rubbed his eye,
And opened it wider and wider—
For there in repose
Right under his nose
Sat the biggest kind of a spider.
Then he looked again,
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh,
It was only a picture
Of a spider, you know.'

"There certainly, placed close to Saint Joan of Arc in a stained-glass window designed for the New Ethical church

(*continued on page 296*)

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
Memorial Stained Glass Windows
FRANZ MAYER OF MUNICH, Inc.
JOSEPH P. KELLY, *President*
1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York
Telephone Whitehall 3631

Phone Walker 8160 Cable "Bernastat"
BERNARDINI STATUARY COMPANY
INC.
Established 1849
ECCLESIASTICAL SCULPTORS AND DESIGNERS
STATUARY - ALTARS - STATIONS - FONTS
CEMENT
COMPOSITION
MARBLE
Studios
55 BARCLAY STREET
NEW YORK

THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW
An illustrated critical review covering all that is best in Catholic art of the past and the present.
ARCHITECTURE—PAINTING, SCULPTURE AND DECORATIVE ART —LITURGICAL ART—MUSIC—POETRY—THEATRE
Published every two months
THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW
13 Maple Street London, W. 1, England
Price: $3.00 *per annum, post free*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SETON HILL COLLEGE

(Catholic, of course)

TRAINS YOUNG WOMEN FOR LEADERSHIP

Students from Eighteen States

GREENSBURG, PA. *43 minutes from Pittsburgh*

AUGUSTINE AND EVOLUTION

By THE REV. HENRY WOODS, S.J.

IT WAS TIME someone should go thoroughly into the great Doctor's views on creation, and determine whether he favored Evolution or anything like it. What precisely did he mean by the terms which have led some scientists to hold that he believed in it at least in principle?

This book shows how futile it is to give any word used by the early Doctors of the Church the special sense it has acquired in our day. It will inspire caution in appealing to their authority on views peculiar to our time. It will help to put the discussion on Evolution back where it belongs, and require from those who are disposed to believe in it facts sufficient to establish it.

In 160 pages, octavo size, Vellum de Luxe cloth binding, gilt letters, at $1.60 postpaid.

THE UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE FOUNDATION
119 East 57th Street, New York

The Commonweal would greatly appreciate the receipt of copies of numbers, 5, 6, and 9, Volume I, from any of its readers who may possess extra copies of these numbers.

Printing Economy

Careful purchasing of materials and equipment; accounting methods that guard against waste or undue increase in overhead costs; a working force that is trained to economize in time without sacrificing quality: These factors are reflected in the moderate prices charged for our product.

May we estimate on your printing?

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

Catalogues, Magazines, Books and Commercial Printing

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods

College for Women—Standard courses leading to degrees, Conservatory of Music, School of Art.

Academy for Girls—Regular high school curriculum.

Both the College and the Academy fully accredited and commissioned.

Physical Education,

Gymnasium, Natatorium, Golf, Tennis, Riding, etc.

***For bulletins address:* Secretary, Box 75, Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana**

in London, were the Saint's two modern biographers, whiskered to the life, their well-known satirical countenances peering forth grotesquely from semi-priestly robes."

"Well," said Primus Criticus, glancing up from the August issue of The Forum which he held, "I have just been reading George Henry Payne's appreciation of Vance Thompson, in which he says that the reason Shaw attained prominence as a critic, and Thompson did not, was because only Shaw understood the great art of self-advertisement. It makes me wonder whether Shaw had anything to do with getting himself incorporated in the Saint Joan window. If he did, I shall maintain more warmly than ever that George Henry Payne's critical judgments are astute and incisive."

"Getting one's picture in the newspapers is one thing, but getting it into church windows, another," remarked Primus Criticus. "I blush for America, supposed to hold the world's championship in the gentle art of self-advertisement, that an Irish-Englishman and a Frenchman are the first writers to come out in stained-glass. America has been out-Americanized."

"However, if this New Ethical church window sets a precedent that will be followed," continued Dr. Angelicus, "it may become difficult in walking down the aisles of the newer churches to know whether one is in a church or a hall of fame. Obviously, if Bernard Shaw and Anatole France may be done in stained-glass with Saint Joan, just because they wrote biographies of her, many another writer will be entitled to claim a right of representation in pictures devoted to other sacred subjects."

"Quite," replied Primus Criticus. "Boccaccio, for instance, might be featured in a beautiful church window depicting the early Christian martyrs—his right to be there justified by the use of certain early Christian legends in his Filocolo. Then, too, a Saint Francis of Assisi window might contain a portrait of Rabelais, who, I believe, was a Franciscan for a short time —a very short time, though not quite short enough to satisfy the order. Byron could be portrayed in a picture of Judgment Day, because of his Vision of Judgment; and it would seem appropriate to depict Nietzsche with the shepherds due to his contribution of Two Shepherd Choruses to the Germania's Christmas oratorio."

"Then no one would wonder why such windows were called stained-glass," remarked Dr. Angelicus. "But what annoys me most, as an American, about the Saint Joan window, with its inclusion of Shaw and France, is the exclusion of the Saint's one American biographer. Now why was Mark Twain left out? Surely not because he did not qualify hirsutically, having no white whiskers. He did very well by a snowy flowing moustache. It seems to me that the artist could have had just as much fun with that."

"Speaking of artists," said Primus Criticus, "I received a letter the other day from a friend of mine who has been in the mountains of Kentucky drawing sketches of the scenery there. He is preparing a book of them, and asks me to suggest a title for the volume. Can you think of any?"

"Why not 'Still Life in Kentucky?'" asked Primus Criticus, as he reached for his hat.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED